Literary News and Criticism

A Woman's Journey in Asiatic Turkey.

AMURATH TO AMURATH. By Gertrude Lowthian Bell. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 370. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Those who read with delight Miss Bell's fascinating book, "The Desert and the Sown," may prepare to rejoice anew. Again she has described a journey in regions where linger the ruins of ancient civilizations, where the footsteps of great captains may yet be traced in the desert sands, and where the once splendid tombs of kings are mouldering to decay. With a few trusty followers she rode in 1909 through a great part of Asiatic Turkey, and beside the Euphrates and the Tigris studied the relics of a history which stretches back through thousands of years. She is an accomplished if modest archæologist and her special knowledge adds much to the interest of her book; but there is no dry-as-dust element in her appreciation of crumbling fortress and palace.

RUINS OF THE PALACE OF CTESIPHON.
(From a photograph in "Amurath to Amurath.")

No one could feel more strongly the spell of the human story, and that spell she has in turn wrought upon her readers.

The precious gift of tongues belongs to this traveller, and in Arab tent or Mesopotamian village she talked in friendly wise with the dwellers therein. Oriental respect for British power and pugnacity no doubt had something to do with the safety of her journey among warring or thieving tribes, but the just, kind and courageous spirit with which it is evident that she faced the chances of travel, her broad-mindedness and her sense of humor had even more to do with it. She was not to be daunted by difficulties. When the Vali of Aleppo telegraphed to Rakkah that on account of the disturbed condition of the desert she should not be allowed to travel down the left bank of the Euphrates, the English lady with perfect politeness and good humor explained to the local official that she preferred to take that route, and take it she did. She recounts the story of her visit to an Arab encampment in which the desert law of hospitality insured a freedom from robbery which would not have been at all certain outside the circle of tents. The Sheikh Muhammad not only made the travellers welcome, but guided them for several days as they went on toward Kheidir. On one of these days there was an alarm:

> We were jogging along between hummocks of thorn and scrub, Muhammad as usual singing, when suddenly he broke off at the end of a couplet and said:
> "I see a horseman riding in haste."
> I looked up and saw a man galloping toward us along the top of a ridge; he was followed closely by another and yet another, and all three disappeared as they dipped down from the high ground. In the desert every newcomer is an enemy till you know him to be a friend. Muhammad slipped a cartridge into his rifle, Hussein extracted his riding stick from the barrel where it commonly travelled, and I took a revolver out of my holster. This done, Muhammad galloped forward to the top of a mound; I followed, and we watched together the advance of the three who were rapidly diminishing the space that lay between us. Muhammad jumped to the ground and threw me his bridle.
> "Dismount," said he, "and hold my mare."
> I took the two mares in one hand and the revolver in the other. Hussein had lined up beside me and we two stood perfectly still while Muhammad advanced, rifle in hand, his body bent forward in an attitude of strained watchfulness. He walked slowly, alert and cautious, like a prowling animal. The three were armed and our thoughts ran out to a possible encounter with the Beni Hassan, who were the blood enemies of our companion. If, when they reached the top of the ridge in front of us they lifted their rifles, Hussein and I would have time to shoot first while they steadied their mares. The three riders topped the ridge, and as soon as we could see their faces Muhammad gave the salaam; they returned it, and with one accord we all stood at ease. For if men give and take the salaam when they are near enough to see each other's faces, there cannot, according to the custom of the desert, be any danger of attack. The authors of this picturesque episode turned out to be three men from Rahhâliyeh. One of them had lent a rifle to the boy who had guided us and, repenting of his confidence, had come after him to make sure that he did not make off with it. We pointed out the direction in which he had gone, and turned our horses' heads once more in the direction of Shetâtch.
> "Lady," said Muhammad reflectively, "in the day of raids I do not trust my mare to the son of my uncle and not to my own brother, lest they should see the foe and fear and ride away. But to you I gave her because I know that the heart of the English is strong. They do not flee."
> "God forbid!" said I, but my spirit leapt at the compliment paid to my race, however lightly evoked.

Sheikh Muhammad, as they rode, talked of the desert wars and the rules that govern them. The Arab does not always go out to kill; bloodshed means feud, and that is uncomfortable. Sometimes he goes forth only to rob. "Then," said the sheikh frankly, "if we meet a few horsemen who try to escape from us, we pursue, crying, 'Your mount, lad!' And if they surrender and deliver to us their mares their lives are safe, even if they should prove to be blood enemies." Marauding Kurds later provided for Miss Bell the most unpleasant incident of her journey. They made a stealthy midnight raid upon her encampment and disappeared with all her money and most of her baggage, including her precious notebooks. The government officials were energetic and everything was recovered. It was a troublesome episode, but it counted as nothing against the joys and wonders of the journey.

The most memorable of her experiences, she tells us, was the first sight of the mighty bulk of the palace of Kheidir or Ukheidir, which "almost untouched by time," rises out of the lonely sands. Within these walls, which in all probability antedate the Mahometan conquest, lived twenty Arab families of to-day, and at night the men gathered round the hearth in the great vaulted hall and sang their strange nomad songs. The English lady sat there with them and tasted their coffee and matched verses with them in their own tongue. The traveller spent much time and labor in examining and "planning" the ancient palace, and her photographs as reproduced in this volume are as interesting as they are valuable. From Kheidir she went on to Babylon, finding there the German excavators at work within the remains of Nebuchadnezzar's palace. She stood in the great oblong chamber wherein Belshazzar read the startling message on the wall—still may one see the niche on the opposite wall which was made for the King's throne—and at the bottom of an excavation a workman's pick struck out at her feet a pair of bracelets and the beads of a necklace which a Babylonian woman had worn thousands of years ago. After Babylon came Ctesiphon, with its imposing ruin of the Sassanian palace, whose wonderful vault rises without centring beams, over the hall where King Chosroes once sat in state. At Kal'at Shergât, the first capital of Assyria, Miss Bell found more German excavators of renown and a hearty welcome, and with Dr. Andrae for guide she wandered through the streets and buildings which seem to take the imaginative beholder straightway into the very presence of the Assyrians who once peopled them. Our author's archæological excursions are many and varied, her zest and enthusiasm are neverfailing, and none of her vivid pages should be skipped by her readers.

It was in the months succeeding the revolution in Turkey that Miss Bell made this journey, and she was keenly interested in observing the effect upon the people of the change in the government and the promises of administrative reform. There was a pathetic bewilderment in all races and an incapacity to believe that the granted constitution could remedy the age-long systems of corruption and extortion under which they had groaned. Liberty was a word strange in their ears; and equality and fraternity, as the author notes, were difficult to establish in an empire of many nationalities ruled by a race professing Islam and having little patience with Christian dissenters from that faith. The massacre at Adana took place while the journey chronicled here was in progress, and the traveller in discussing it looks on every side of the matter. She holds that the sufferings of the Armenians should not blind us to the fact that they were blameworthy. "They had helped," she says, "to bring upon themselves the calamity that overwhelmed them; by wild oratory they had laid themselves open to the accusations of conspiracy which were brought against them; they had kindled the flames of discord by preaching in their churches the obligation of revenge. The criminal folly of their utterances stirred up vague alarms in the breasts of an ignorant and fanatical population, and from whatever side came the incitement to outrage, it came to ears sharpened by anxiety." On the other hand it was evident that when the Turkish officials acted promptly and forcibly the Moslems were restrained. "I believe," adds the author, "that no great massacre has taken place in Turkey without the encouragement of the central authority or a passivity which amounts to connivance on the part of the local officials; a strong Vâli backed by an enlightened government would keep peace in the most fanatical province of the empire." Let us hope that Miss Bell may make a third journey in Asiatic Turkey and that her report of future political conditions may be a happier one than this. It could not be a more interesting one.

MUHAMMAD EL ABDULLAH.
(From a photograph in "Amurath to Amurath.")

KING'S SPEECH STORIES.

From The Dundee Advertiser.

Of all the stories told in connection with the King's speech, the most extraordinary is one which describes an undignified exploit of George IV when Regent. It is said that he was once talking with Sheridan about an approaching opening of Parliament, and, remarking that the peers, as a rule, paid very little attention to the verbal character of the Speech, offered to bet a hundred guineas that he could make any interpolation he choose and that it would pass unnoticed. Sheridan accepted, and the Prince Regent agreed to interpolate the words, "Baa, baa, black sheep." He won his bet. At the close of a reference to affairs in the peninsula he cleared his throat, said "Baa, baa, black sheep," and went on to the end of the speech. Sheridan, who was present, was amazed that nobody even betrayed surprise. "Didn't you hear him distinctly say 'Baa, baa, black sheep?'" he asked Canning afterward. "I did," was the reply. "but as his royal highness looked you full in the face at the time I took it as a personal allusion, and my delicacy forbade me to think more about it."

"Another King's speech story is about Charles II. That monarch once asked his chaplain why he always read his sermons before the court when on every other occasion he preached extempore. The chaplain replied that he was overawed by the presence of his sovereign. "But why," he asked in his turn, "does your majesty read your speeches, when it may be presumed that you can have no such reason?" "Why, truly," replied the gay monarch, "I have asked my subjects so often for money that I am ashamed to look them in the face."

ARBITRATION

The Alabama Claims and Their Settlement.

REMINISCENCES OF THE GENEVA TRIBUNAL OF ARBITRATION, 1872: THE ALABAMA CLAIMS. By Frank Warren Hackett. Crown 8vo, pp. xvi. The Houghton Mifflin Company.

The progress of the cause of international arbitration within the last few weeks gives the publication of this book an altogether unforeseen but for that reason all the more gratifying timeliness. Mr. Hackett offers his readers an open view of the inside of the trial of the case before the Geneva Tribunal, candidly reflecting the atmosphere, the personal feelings of the representatives on both sides below the official surface. This is not the first time that he appears in print to defend the tone of the American argument, prepared by Messrs. Waite, Evarts, Cushing and Davis, a tone that, besides being the subject of a flood of hostile criticism in England, was severely reproved by many Americans, the historian James Ford Rhodes among them.

Mr. Hackett is a thoroughgoing partisan of our conduct of the case, and especially of the share in it taken by Caleb Cushing, the senior counsel, whose private secretary he was from the day almost of Cushing's appointment to the end of the historic proceedings that, apart from their direct result, have meant and continue to mean so much to the cause of humanity. He says:

> The Case reflected the views of the lovers of the Union—views colored perhaps by prejudice, but honestly and inflexibly entertained. It stated the cause of the people of the United States precisely as they themselves would have had it stated. The language employed is simple and straightforward. The tone is neither weak nor conciliatory. The charges are laid in forcible terms; yet the Case, viewed as a complaint brought before a tribunal of justice, cannot fairly be said to be lacking in courtesy. An easy, conciliatory, half-apologetic way of proffering our claims would have been entirely out of keeping. The document had to reflect American public opinion, and on that score there certainly was no uncertainty.

Mr. Hackett does his best to adumbrate with the proper degree of delicacy of distinction the official attitude of the English representatives toward their foreign colleagues. He takes his text from Lowell's "certain condescension in foreigners," and attempts to analyze the symptom and to reach a fair, impartial understanding of its causes. The attitude, an unconscious one, perhaps, included the Italian, Swiss and Brazilian representatives as well as the Americans. It was not enough of an air to offend, Mr. Hackett remembers, but it came to the surface time and again. Personal intercourse was correct, and even pleasant, though always with a soupçon of superiority; a few genuine friendships sprang up, but—

> The underlying plea in behalf of England, in Case, Counter-Case and Argument, was not that she *had not* been in fault, but that in the nature of things she *could not* have been so. This overwhelming confidence in their own rectitude, and absolute certainty of their own advance—in everything that makes a nation great—over every other power of the globe, found expression in the contest waged at Geneva in much that was said by the Englishmen, and in their manner of saying it.

Tempora mutan . Misunderstandings were created on both sides. The author is perfectly frank, at least, on the subject of Caleb Cushing's anti-English prejudices, strengthened by his opinion of the attitude of the British government during the war, and considers it "not at all strange" that this feeling should have made itself visible in the tone and color of his part of the argument. At least one passage of it, and, he adds, there may have been others, in the original draft were of a temper so pronounced that Bancroft Davis suggested the substitution of a more discreet version, to which Cushing readily agreed.

The book is complete in itself as a history of the Alabama claims, to whose origin in British official inaction, and to whose creation by the Confederate privateers built and equipped in England, he devotes his first chapters. Then follows an account of the negotiations between the two governments, which were at their height when Grant assumed the Presidency in 1869 and Hamilton Fish succeeded Seward as Secretary of State, with a look at the Johnson-Clarendon convention that preceded the Washington treaty, and at the position of our diplomatic representatives at the Court of St. James's. Charles Sumner, as chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, receives some pages of decidedly critical attention, especially for his influence on Motley's attitude in London. The story of the Geneva Tribunal then follows, and fills the rest of the book.

The author's personal reminiscences form but a small part of his narrative. He met many notabilities in Paris and Geneva, but on the whole has little to say about them, beyond a few amiable commonplaces. Even the foreign members of the Tribunal receive but scant attention from him, beyond a brief and flattering description of their personalities and careers. Anecdotes are rare, even though William M. Evarts is much in evidence. It is of him, indeed, that the author tells the best of the few stories in his book—Evarts's remark to Dr. Thomas Evans, who had been monopolizing the conversation at dinner with a long recital of the confidences made to him by royal personages. "Well, doctor," said Evarts, "we certainly owe you a debt of gratitude. For us it is a great thing even to see a king or prince; but it seems that they all have opened their mouths to you."

There are several appendices, and the book has a capital index, a thing always to be thankful for.

A FRENCH JOURNALIST

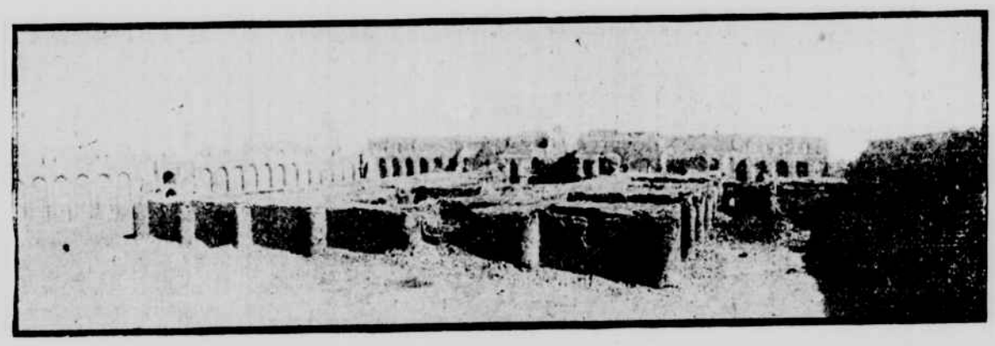
The Recollections of the Editor of the "Gaulois."

Paris, March 18.

Since the downfall of the Second Empire M. Arthur Meyer, from the editorial conning tower of the "Gaulois," has observed and recorded day by day the events and episodes of the life of Paris. He has written his souvenirs in an exceedingly interesting little book, now published by Plon, with the title, "Ce Que Mes Yeux Ont Vu" ("What My Eyes Have Seen"). Three veterans, each of whom had attained prominence in their profession before the present republic came into existence, stand forth head and shoulders above all others, and form a sort of glorious trinity in contemporary French journalism. These men are M. Adrien Hébrard, who since 1871 has been editor of the "Temps"; M. Henri Rochefort, founder of the "Lanterne" in 1868 and whose daily Voltairian thunderbolts are still as vivid as they were half a century ago, and M. Arthur Meyer, editor of the leading organ of the monarchy and the Church, who may be described as the Buffon of modern French newspaper men.

The "Gaulois" includes among its contributors half the members of the Academy—it is sometimes called the "succursale," or chapel of ease, of that institution—and M. Arthur Meyer, a model of mundane "correction," both physically and intellectually, develops his ideas in graceful language and lives up to the famous maxim, "The style is the man." The present book gives a series of snapshots of the features of French political and social life from 1870 to 1911, which have a light, incisive, breezy, picturesque conciseness, as if taken from an aeroplane. The book is replete with personal incidents, episodes and anecdotes that have unquestionable value as historical documents. One of the best chapters describes the great Paris newspapers. The life and death struggles from which the republican regime has emerged—Boulangisme, anti-sémitisme (which in 1885 revived passions that had slumbered for three centuries), the Panama scandals, the Dreyfus affair, separation of the Churches and the State and the social problems dealt with by the late Briand Cabinet are treated clearly and intelligently.

Of course, the reader must make due allowances for M. Arthur Meyer's strong conservatism, but bearing this in mind his little book, giving in compact, readable shape what he has actually witnessed, is almost indispensable for all who wish to obtain a just notion of France of to-day. It is accompanied by an excellent preface by M. Emile Faguet, of the French Academy. C. I. B.



TWO VIEWS OF THE RUINS OF KHEIDIR.
(From photographs in "Amurath to Amurath.")

NAPOLEON'S RED MAN.

From Notes and Queries.

The story of the Red Man was evidently current in Paris at the time of Napoleon's downfall. In a section headed "Bonaparte and His Familiar," contained in "News from the Invisible World," pp. 353-6 (one of Milner & Sowerby's publications, reissued in London, 1854), an anonymous correspondent, writing from Paris, names January 1, 1811, as the date when the mysterious visitant appeared. The account is given with much circumstantiality of detail, but differs materially from Cyrus Redding's version. Instead of being a person of small stature, the familiar was a tall man of imposing appearance, dressed all in red. Count Mole, in attendance on Napoleon, with orders to admit no person to his presence, was quite overawed by the mysterious stranger. He listened trembling at the door, and heard all that passed.

The familiar, it seems, was not an embodiment of the enemy of mankind, but rather the "genius" who presided over Napoleon's destiny. He ordered a certain course of action to be taken, and allowed three months for it to be carried into effect. Napoleon apparently refused to comply. They parted in anger, and in three months the Emperor was a captive in Elba. "Even the French papers, when Bonaparte was deposed, recurred to this fact, and remarked that his mysterious visitant's prophetic threat had been accomplished." On three different occasions the Red Man appeared to the Emperor: in Egypt, after the battle of Wagram, and in January, 1814.

In the process of transmission through the crucible of fervent loyalist imagination the story seems to have been altered or mutilated, .

FICTION

Tales of War and Peace, Crime and Mystery.

BOER WAR DAYS.

FORGED IN STRONG FIRES. By John Ironside. Frontispiece by Stanley L. Wood. 12mo, pp. 318. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

It is woman's share of war that the author deals with in this story, her passive share of waiting and watching and fearing and hoping, of weeping and loss, rather than with the activity and dangers of campaign and battle. His tale begins with the scattering of a family of English settlers in the Northern Transvaal, with the severing of old ties of neighborliness and friendship and with an act of vandal violence culminating in a murder, news of which does not reach the victim's family, exiled in London, until after many days. The author, by the way, draws a graphic picture of the loneliness of these English colonials in the heart of their home country, far more discouraging, less friendly and neighborly than the loneliness of the veldt. There is one element of the plot that, having been introduced, might have been developed to far greater purpose than is the case—the fact, namely, that the heroine was born and spent her first years in a native village, and has an obscure but potent understanding of, and sympathy with, the natives. They worship her, serve and protect her during the days of danger, but here, as elsewhere in the book, one receives a strong impression of a lack of first hand knowledge of the country and its life on the part of the author. The love element is well done and well set in its tragic environment.

METAMORPHOSIS.

THE CANON IN RESIDENCE. By Victor L. Whitechurch. 12mo, pp. 247. The Baker & Taylor Company.

The canon was only a vicar when he went to Switzerland, but news of his appointment reached him there—when the great adventure that made a new, a broader and a wiser man of him was already upon him. This is a decidedly enjoyable "cathedral town" story, without pretension to a place beside Trollope's books, simply written for the entertainment of it and the pleasure of telling about characters that, however conventional as cathedral town types, are yet sufficiently amusing to keep things going. The vicar had boasted, up there among the Swiss mountains, of the clergy's knowledge of human nature. The chance travelling companion in "sporty" clothes to whom the remark was made had answered that the clergy know human nature as it is always careful to present itself to ecclesiastical dignity. What is more, he had proved his point by absconding the next morning with the vicar's clerical black and his handcase, forcing him to don the loud clothes for the moment. The attitude of people toward him, the tenor of their remarks, changed as by magic; and so it was a new man who came to a town that needed many improvements. There is plenty of plot, as may be surmised from what has been said, in this bit of welcome, unpretentious light reading.

MYSTERY.

THE CATSPAW. By William Hamilton Osborne. Illustrations by F. Graham Cootes. 12mo, pp. 333. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Of course, there is an explanation of all the bewildering exploits told in this story of robbery by many methods, reaching from complicated swindling to burglary, but the author keeps the clew to the whole series of events so well hidden that the reader does not suspect it for a moment until the proper time for the revelation of the inwardness of the plot has come. Here and there he may judge that Mr. Osborne's inventiveness overleaps itself and plays frankly with the impossible, but he is likely to read on, and will find his reward in the end, when, in possession of the solution, he realizes how possible it all has been, after all. It all happens in a town within reach of New York, that spot of easy and quick disappearances, and in a delightful social circle. One of the players in this game of dishonesty is an uncommonly attractive woman, whose jealousy hastens the denouement which she herself is the last to expect. A clever invention that will prove a good companion on a railroad journey or a quiet evening after a day of hard work.

WOMAN SCORNED.

AN OLD MAID'S VENGEANCE. By Frances Powell. 12mo, pp. 330. Charles Scribner's Sons.

One expects a mystery, of course, in a story by Miss Powell, and, equally of course, one finds it in her new tale, whose scene is laid on the Riviera, where there are legends of the mediæval past, of monks dead and gone, for instance, whose ghosts still walk their crumbling closes. There is, also, the mystery of the influence of the young Hungarian, and the make-believe of the American girl's fortune, and, last of all, the plan of her cousin, the spinster, to whom she flees from grief on the death of her only remaining relative in America. So there is abundance of material with which to construct another of those stories of which this author makes a specialty, stories of to-day in whose atmosphere there is always a remote touch of the uncanny. In the main, however, the old maid's vengeance is decidedly a tale of the present, largely depending for the complications of its plot upon the continued Continental misunderstanding of the frank, independent ways of the American girl.

MANY CLUES.

THE GOLD BAG. By Carolyn Wells. Frontispiece by George W. Barratt. 12mo, pp. 333. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

The writing of detective stories is only an occasional phase of Miss Wells's many-sided literary activity. She does it well enough, yet there can be little doubt but that the writer of this kind of fiction must be born, and can make himself only up to a certain point, even as its readers must be born, though a fine taste for it may be acquired, especially by busy workers in serious walks of life. Miss Wells has trained her pen to a satisfactory facility in the invention of mystery, confusing clues and misleading suspicions. She arranges the pieces of her puzzle according to the rules of the game, she uses the Sherlock Holmes deductive manner, with a twinkle in her eye in the last chapter, which ingeniously brings us back to the first, but it is not likely that she will ever add to this voluminous department of fiction one of those rare stories that give it new prominence, and add new recruits to the body of its devotees. It might not be a bad idea if some amateur, with plenty of time on his hands, were to compile an international bibliography of detective fiction.

TO HERRICK.

T. Bruce Dilks in Cornhill.

The world's asleep!
The sky is full of stars to-night,
Wind-swept, rain-washed, winsome and bright!
The Bear
And Cassiopeia's chair,
The belted Hunter and his Hound are there!
No intervening light
Screens the vast infinite;
Soft Dian's face is hid
Deep, deep,
Amid
The conquering curls of young Endymion's hair

In that warm galaxy
Zoning the chilly bosom of the sky,
A misty net enmeshing golden bees,
Those amber clusters of the heavenly vine,
Nestling like apples of thine own Hesperides,
Those points of flame
Fine drawn
From the primeval ingot bars
In that far-off material dawn,
When sang in antiphon the new-born stars,—
Mid these
Which, Herrick, which is thine—
The imperishable fire that bears thy name?

To-night
Whence leaps the light
Which erst shone on our sires, what time
Thou sang'st among them in our lyric prime,
Fashioning thy carcanets of rime,
And stringing pearls
Of music out of sheer delight?—
Singing of saffron-mantled daffodil
And dewy violet,
Of sweet-breathed girls
Whose witchery moves us still,
And we forget—
Ah me!—the years between!
Carving thy cameos rare
Of country customs and our fathers' ways,
The hearth serene
And humble tenement
And the slow round of rustic months and days;
Then, on thy bended knee,
Shaping thy rosary,
Each bead a prayer
Asking what gods may be
To take thanksgiving for thy great content!

Not thine to probe the deep recesses of the Mother's mind,
Not Shelley's rainbow hope,
Heine's hot tears,
Nor Wordsworth's wider scope
Of natural laws that bind
God and His universe to our own kind.
Thine ears
Were not attuned to music heard by them.
Yet hadst thou Nature's garment by the hem;
Thy clear eye caught the gleam
Of rays
Flashing from many a gem
She wears upon the border of her dress.
Ah, yes!
Thou wast a seer, and we deem
Thy vision meet for praise.

The world's asleep!
Alone I creep
And cast
Before thine urn
My crumb of incense on thine altar; last
This little taper burn.

AN OFFICIAL ANECDOTE.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

Waldeck-Rousseau's reminiscences are being published serially in France; and the first instalment relates how he informed M. Loubet of his intention to retire from office. It was at a dinner of intimate friends, and he explained that fatigue and failing health seemed to make his resignation inevitable. "Who will succeed you?" he was asked. "M. Combes," he replied. But the name of M. Combes was, in those days, hardly known. The guests wondered who he was, and Mme. Waldeck-Rousseau asked. There was a pause, and then: "M. Combes," answered the Prime Minister. "M. Combes, my dear, is—no one in particular."

LITERARY NOTES.

Did Lady Anne Lindsay really write "Auld Robin Gray"? There is said to be a tradition in the family of the Scotch divine, Thomas Stuart—a Stuart of Appin—that the ballad was in truth the fruit of that good man's imagination. He always spoke of it as his. It will, however, be difficult to establish his authorship in the face of the circumstantial story of the poem's origin which is told by the Lindsays.

American Military History.

An important volume, of which General Francis Vinton Greene is the author, will be published by the Scribners in May. The author has undertaken to trace from the military point of view the history of the War of Independence, and to discuss the inauguration by Washington and his officers of a definite military policy for this country. The book, which is to be entitled "The Revolutionary War and the Military Policy of the United States," is to be the first in a series of three volumes, the second of which will be devoted to the Mexican, Spanish and other minor wars. The third will deal with the Civil War. Each volume will be in itself a complete work.

Stevenson and His Books.

Mr. H. J. Moors, who was a neighbor of Stevenson in Samoa, has written a book of recollections of the novelist. He says therein that he has often heard Stevenson wonder whether any of his books would live.

"I think 'Kidnapped' will, anyway," he said. "I think," said he, "that if I had written nothing more than 'Kidnapped' and 'Thrawn Janet,' I would be worthy of a place among the men of letters." Stevenson did not think very highly of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," that "strange case" which made him famous. To be sure, he felt greatly indebted to it for having brought him fame, but he was unable to understand why. Within a week's time he was regretting having published the book at a shilling a copy; it is necessary to state what the feelings of the publisher were.

Walt Whitman Recital.

A discourse on Walt Whitman and a recital of some of his productions came from the lips of Mr. Augustin Duncan in London the other day. The lecturer—who is a brother of the dancer, Miss Isadora Duncan—knew Whitman and pronounced that writer a blend of "all that is lovable in man." "The London Chronicle" was moved to say that as a lecturer Mr. Duncan "impressed one as a mild and literary young man. Under the spell of Whitman's swirling rhythms he became almost tremendous, held his audience breathless, and managed to bring before them the boundless wealth and breadth of Whitman's epic-catalogues of nature and humanity with a force that made all the 'pretty things' that had gone before seem quite pathetically trivial." Well, well!

The Hohenzollerns.

One of the books of the spring is to be Mr. Brayley Hodgetts's history of "The House of Hohenzollern." Its opening pages are devoted to a critical estimate of the career and character of Frederick I, and a similar study of the present Emperor fills the closing pages.

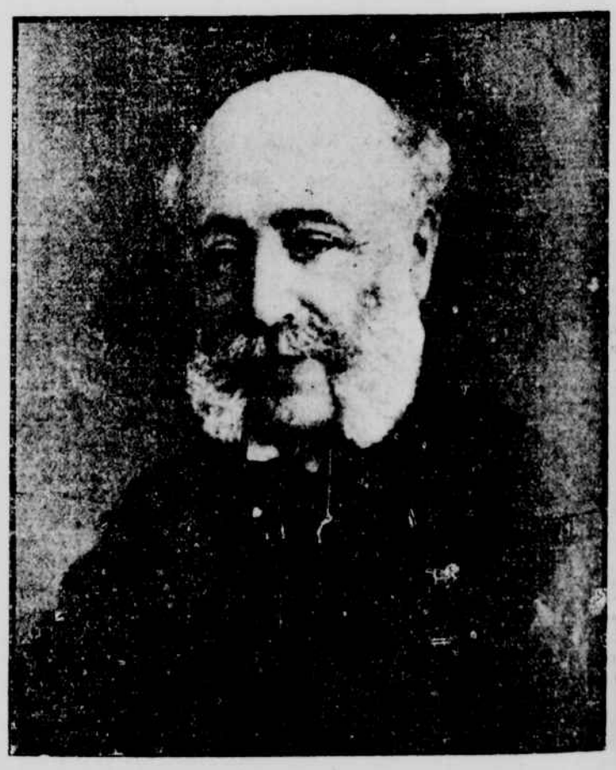
In a recent volume of reminiscences by Mr. John Bedloe is repeated an anecdote about the first Emperor William and Professor Virchow. The sovereign (then King of Prussia only) said one day to the eminent scientific man: "Don't you think it might be better if you confined yourself to scientific subjects, in which you have earned so great a reputation, and avoid politics, in which you do not shine?" Virchow was at no loss for a reply—he merely repeated the answer of the French soldier who, when the King of Prussia (William's grandfather) complimented him on his bravery but regretted that so much gallantry should be shown on the wrong side, said: "Let us talk about something else, for on that subject you and I'll never agree."

A Lost Book.

The publication of Olive Schreiner's work, "Woman and Labor," is announced. She has explained her long silence, and it is a painful story. She toiled for many years over a book on Woman, and the manuscript was completed just before the South African war broke out. She was absent from Johannesburg at that time, and was not allowed to go back. When she returned at the end of a year and a half she found her possessions all burned. "I found," she says, "among the burnt fragments the leathern back of my book intact, the front half of the leaves burnt away; the back half of the leaves next to the cover still all there, but so browned and scorched with the flames that they broke as I touched them; and there was nothing left but to destroy it." The book which is about to appear here is only a part of the original work.

Life in the South.

There is coming from Doubleday, Page & Co. a new edition of Mr. Walter H. Page's book, "The Southerner." This is the story which was originally printed as "the autobiography of Nicholas Worth," and which portrays the sorrowful experiences of many Southerners in the years following the Civil War.



M. ARTHUR MEYER, EDITOR OF THE GAULOIS.
(From a photograph.)